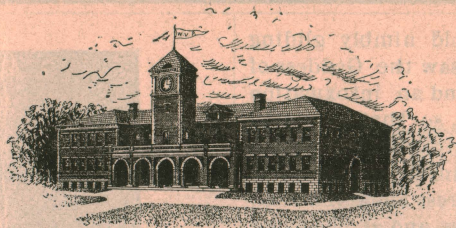


The



Refert

VOL. 1.

KEYSER, W. VA., JUNE 20, 1906.

No. 8

A SPRING REVERIE.

(A TRANSLATION FROM THE GERMAN OF E. JUNCKER.)

"At last, Walter. I was beginning to believe that you were not coming."

The young physician softly closed the door after the retiring nurse placed his hat upon a toilet table covered with white muslin, threw his gloves into it and then stepped to the couch, from which came the weak, husky voice, peculiar to consumptives.

"And yet I have tarried only about ten minutes, Kitty," he said pleasantly, and took a seat at her side.

"Only about ten minutes," repeated the maiden reproachfully and lifted herself so forcibly that the golden hair tossed about her head and shoulders. "Spendthrift, as if ten minutes could not under circumstances make up a great part of life!"

He pressed her gently back upon the pillow. "Be still, you know that you should not speak so animatedly; and here," he added, reaching behind him, "is my excuse."

"Oh the beautiful lilacs," she said, and buried her little face a few moments in the bouquet. "Is it already so late, Walter, are they in bloom already?"

"No, Kitty, they are blooming neither in your garden nor in any other villa, and I suppose therefore that this bouquet came from the hot-house. But how have you been today, have you suffered much?"

The maiden pressed her hand, which was whiter still than the lace on her night-robe, upon her sunken breast. "Not more than yesterday and the day before, but enough for me to desire very much my dose of morphine. Have you everything with you, Walter?"

"Yes," said he, "I will give it to you immediately." And with that he drew from his breast-pocket a tiny syringe and bottle with the contents of which he filled the syringe. Then he gently pushed up the sleeve of the night-robe and bared an arm, the former beauty of which the gruesome ravages of the disease had not been able to destroy entirely. Nearly many other little scars he pressed in the syringe and injected into the blood the sedative relieving from pain and care. During the little operation the sick one had closed her eyes but now she looked beseechingly out of their soft, deep-blue depths at the friend of her youth.

She breathed as if relieved and with a heartfelt "Thanks, Walter," let her head sink upon the pillow.

The work of the morphine had already begun, the agonies, which had during the last hour tortured her so much, were alleviated, and her breath came more evenly. It now became quite still in the chamber, which the evening shadows filled more and more, and the perfume of the lilacs swept through it. In the man's soul a violent struggle had arisen. A few hours ago the consulting physician had told him that death would probably yet today step over the threshold of this house and take away that young life. The thought had not been new to him, he recognized too the gruesome ravages of the disease, and yet he could not convince his heart of the truth of it.

Probably a half hour had he stood out in the meadow where they had so often played together, and had tried to reconcile himself to the inevitable. He saw her vivacious figure in many changing forms and listened to the song of destiny, which Klotho sings of the past. A sweet song of a mischievous child, that gradually unfolded herself to a more beautiful young woman, while the stream of Time, restlessly flowing onward, now covered the meadow outside with grass and flowers—and then again spread over it a cover of snow. Each time, when he returned home in the great holidays, he first went to his neighbors and the blond Kitty. Long ago she ceased to hear his history tables and Latin vocabularies, but with eager interest she followed each step which he took to the decisive examinations. When then in the preceding autumn it was complete, began a happy, mutual life, which in January reached an abrupt end. Who would have said that to him, when he accompanied his youthful friend to the newly opened skating rink on the lake in the woods! The winter sun shone so brightly upon the frost-covered trees, the rink was smooth as a mirror, over which they both glided hand in hand. "Yesterday it was pleasant at the ball but today it is a thousand times more pleasant, isn't it, Walter?" cried the maiden, and raised her eyes full of unconscious love to his face. But he did not attempt to speak, an inexpressible, never experienced bliss thrilled his senses; a bliss that, in its power, was almost akin to pain. And so they flitted on in unison without taking heed of the way, and as he saw the slender, graceful form

with hair shinning like spun gold nimbly gliding along at his side, he believed he saw the Goddess of Fortune rolling on her sphere. And an intoxication came over him, a titanic defiance, so that he seized the long fluttering hair and joyfully cried, "Now you are mine, and I clasp you for all time to my side, you coy goddess-child." A cry of distress answered him, close before his eyes sailed a raven and at the same time the ice broke under her feet and she tumbled into the gap. He barely held himself and the blond head above water until help came but he could not change the fate. The way back to the villa was far and the northeastern wind made ice-stiffened garments of the wet clothes. He came out of it with a severe cold, with her pneumonia set in, which soon developed into hasty consumption.

Hark, what sound was that? The young physician sprang up and bent over the bed. Yes, without doubt, the process of life was at a close and the last slumber beginning. Softly he kneeled and nestled the blond head against his breast, where it had never rested since that distant summer's day in childhood. He thanked heaven that death in this case showed not his fearful but his kindly face, and he also thanked the apothecary who had so carefully mixed the dose of morphine. He remembered in these decisive moments that he had never told her how very much he loved her, and how brave and strong she was at departing. He knew that it was only unconscious matter that he held in his arms but he waited, until the last breath had flown and then he closed both her dear eyes.

When a few minutes later he stepped upon the balcony, the stars already shown in the heaven, and the apple trees swayed phantastically in the darkness. In the lilac hedge a bird sang its evening song, and a beetle buzzed past him. Within death had reaped, but yet here bloomed the trees, twittered the birds and hummed the insects in unsullied youth as if everything were imperishable; but at the same time he felt with painful distinctness that over his spring reverie had rolled destructively the zealous wave of necessity.

F. R. K.

The last meeting of the Athletic Association was held in the study hall on June 1. The meeting was called to order by the president, Clyde McDowell, after which the roll was called. The following officers were elected for next year: Pres., Herbert White; Vice Pres., Joe Spicer; Sec. and Treas., B. I. Gonder.

The following Auditing Committee was appointed: W. A. Barrickman, Joe Grubb, Chas. Ritchie.

The following boys were appointed to gather up the equipments of the base-ball team: Joe Spicer, Geo. Boyd, Harry Sheetz. The treasurer reported \$1.05 in the treasury and \$19.50 due.



T. W. HAUGHT, PRINCIPAL OF PREPARATORY SCHOOL.

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- Greatest Flirt—Essye Shobe.
- Most Religious—Sadie Friend.
- Wickedest—Inez McNeill.
- Most Athletic—Emilie Coffroth.
- Greatest Chatterbox—Lena Crabtree.
- Greatest Blue Stocking—Bessie Dawson.
- Most Sentimental—Edna Davis.
- Most Practical—Nellie Johnson.
- Best Dressed—Bertie Burnap.
- Most Dowdy—Ada Compton.
- Wittiest—Hattie Wilson.
- Dullest—Helen Babb.
- Tallest—Edith Rogers.
- Shortest—Birdie Dayton.
- Best Dancer—Beryl Wright.
- Most Graceful—Victoria Jennings.
- Most Fascinating—Nan Armstrong.
- Most Accomplished—Elsie Hoffman.
- Most Susceptible—"And her name was Maud".
- Most Jealous—Edna Hamstead.
- Worst Tennis Fiend—Iona Brown.
- Best All-Around Good Fellow—Laura Lauck.
- The Only One—Liberty.



REFERT EDITORS

THE REFERT.

[Entered at the Postoffice in Keyser. W. Va.. as second class matter.]

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—PRINTED BY THE KEYSER TRIBUNE—

Issued on the Third Wednesday in Each School Month.

Literary Editors—Chas. Ritchie, Fred Koelz.

Business Managers—Joe Grubb, Homer Hott.

SUBSCRIPTION, 25 CENTS A SCHOOL YEAR.

The time has come when we have reached the last number of The Refert for this year and it is with no little regret that we, the editors, lay down our pens and bid farewell to our readers, for, besides those connected with The Refert, many other dear associations are severed for awhile and some, who knows (?) perhaps forever. Although some difficult and unpleasant circumstances have arisen in this first year of The Refert's existence, still all these are forgotten and many pleasant memories will always abide with us in the future. The past school year has been very profitable and enjoyable indeed. We feel sure that no one has left the "Prep" this spring regretting the time spent here. Perhaps some have not made the progress they should have made, but that is the fault of the individual. Encouragement from teachers and friends has not been lacking and every advantage possible has been offered to the welfare of the students.

Perhaps, now, many or all of you students who read this are home or on your way there and have already entered upon different work from what you have done all winter. But wherever you are and whatever you are doing, keep ever fresh in your minds the days at the "Prep". Remember that you have always the best wishes of your school friends and that you may deserve these only by doing your best. In whatever path of life you walk strive after the highest things in your reach. Use what the school has given you. Nothing has been got in vain.

When the vacation is over the school will expect your coming again, you who have not finished the work, and if you fail to return the disappointment will not be so great to it as to you. You need the training that can be received here.

We editors, who shall not be with you next year, take this way of bidding you all, schoolmates and friends, farewell. The memories aroused by The Refert will be no dearer to anyone than to us. It has taken much work to launch our school paper into a successful existence, but we hope that hereafter our pains will prove to have been more

useful than they seemed. We thank everyone who has been in the least in sympathy with us. Your encouragement has been appreciated by us in untold measures. We thank especially the business men who have so heartily helped us along by their advertisements and hope that they, as well as we, have been and will be helped by them.

And now, with the best wishes and hopes to our successors for a most successful period of editorship next year, we bid you, one and all, a last fond farewell.

THE EDITORS.

THE SPECTRUM

The first volume of the Spectrum, the annual published by the Senior and Junior Classes of the W. V. P., came out Saturday, June 9th. The book is something for everyone connected with the school to be justly proud of, and it surpassed the greatest expectations of all. One of the good things about it is the low price, \$1.00, which is really less than the actual cost of each book. One purchaser said: "The pictures in it are simply fine. They are worth a dollar themselves." The annual is dedicated to Prof. L. L. Friend, the first principal of the "Prep", and contains a splendid photograph of him. Besides this the book contains good likenesses of the Faculty and the Senior and Junior Classes and biographies of them all. Quite a little space is confined to the pictures of the Athletic teams and their games. Many handsome frontispieces and original drawings, cartoons, etc. are scattered throughout the pages. In the literature section appear essays, translations from French and German and original stories. All the departments of the school are treated separately and a full account of each is given. Then there are a well written history of the W. V. P. and one of Fort Hill.

The book is bound with a linen paper cover of blue stamped in gold letters. It contains over 150 pages.

We can not take the space to describe the annual in full and doubt if we could do it justice. But the only way to learn about it is to see it yourself, for "the proof of the pudding is in the eating." Those who desire copies had best send at once for there are only a few left and these are all but ordered. Do not miss this opportunity for seeing the best product of the school.

ONE DRAWBACK

O June, thou art a lovely month,
But 'tis no joke;
The marriages and graduates
Just leave me broke.

—New York Sun.

The Castes of the United States

PRIZE ESSAY

Society in India is divided into classes called castes. There are four principal castes, namely, the Brahmans or Priests; the Kshatriyas or warriors; the Vaisyas or husbandmen; and the Sudras or slaves. The rank of the castes goes from highest to lowest as named, the Brahmans having supreme power over all other castes and the Sudras being utterly ignored by all classes. Caste is inherited and one may not change voluntarily from the caste into which he is born. Crime is no detriment to a man's social position in India.

After considering these castes we doubtlessly exclaim, shameful! without question it is shameful. A worthy man should not be barred from intercourse with his fellow beings because of his birth or unfortunate social position. But restrain your disapproval and let me ask one question: What are the social conditions of the United States? Yes it is too true that we must confess, Castes. Castes are here in a Christian and highly civilized nation, which promises liberty and equal rights. This being true we had best cease to censure India and confine our attention to home affairs for "people who live in glass houses should never throw stones."

No direct comparison can be made between these two systems of castes, for they exist among different people and under different conditions.

For our own purpose let us draw up a plan of castes in the United States. Following the India plan we shall take for the first caste the wealthy whom we shall call the Pure. Those who live comfortably by honest work shall comprise the second caste, but we need not name them. The third caste shall include the very poor and they shall be called Slaves.

To fully understand the difference between the wealthy and the poor classes of our country, which I wish to bring out, one must get an insight into the lives of these people.

On one hand we have the wealthy with all that the heart could desire. Magnificent homes, richly furnished for winter and summer living. Yachts and cruisers for sailing. Touring-cars and pedigreed horses for crosscountry riding. Journeys to any place on the globe, and numerous minor forms of pleasure.

On the other hand we have the poverty-stricken of our land. With hardly enough to keep body and soul together they almost miraculously eke out a meagre existence. Families of eight and ten live in one small room, often being thrust out upon the streets from lack of rent money. The children work from the time they are able to lift a hand and rarely receive any schooling at all.

Now we have in a rough way the conditions of these two classes and find that there is an almost inestimable amount of difference between them. There is a gulf between our rich and poor that seems to be impassable. But it can be crossed. The person who contemplates crossing, after having laid aside his good character, which would be in the way, enters one of the many recesses along the brink and, stooping, picks his way through the underbrush of dishonor. A bridge soon offers him free passage to the other side where he finds many suddenly-formed acquaintances. That is the short way from the Slaves to the caste of the Pure.

Still, others cross in a more honorable way.

The man of this class buckles his good character about him and climbs down the steep side of the chasm clear to the bottom. Then he scales the cliff to the top of the other side, with bruised body and aching limbs, maybe, but nevertheless he has gained the top and, what is more to him, his good character is still intact.

Among the rich there are two classes. The worthy are those who hold and use their wealth prudently. The unworthy are those who selfishly consider their wealth only as a means of personal pleasure.

Also, we find two classes among the poor. The deserving poor are those who in their poverty lead upright lives and strive after better. The undeserving poor are those who have no ambition to rise, greedily taking help when it is offered.

A peculiar fact in regard to the rich is that one of the unworthy class will shrink from contact with the Slaves while one of the worthy class will call the distressed ones about him like the Great Nazarene and enter into their lives. It seems strange that he who, from a moral standpoint, is unfit for intercourse with many of the poor, shrinks from their presence, while the one who has any reason at all for avoiding them, gladly associates with them.

One of the noblest works of charity, that which we call slumming, is often brought to shame by some. These people consider the work a fashionable rather than a Christian duty. They enter into it with an air of condescension, which can not but injure the feelings of their beneficiaries, making them feel more like a dumb brute being fed by its master than like one being helped by a brother over a difficult place in life's pathway.

The general treatment of the poor by some of the rich is really disgraceful. Mr. Moffet, in his splendid series, "The Shameful Misuse of Wealth", in Success Magazine, illustrates this in the following incident: "A lady of my acquaintance once crossed on a steamer with two rich women in the ultra-smart set, who put their maids in the steerage to save a few dollars." For the sake of a few dollars those women lodged their maids in the steerage where filth and disease always lurk, which the servants could have carried to their mistresses.

A person out of their caste is the last thing the unworthy wealthy would associate with. They have eaten with monkeys and other animals but never has a social function been given in honor of a person humbler, but perhaps of greater personal worth, than themselves. A lady recently brought a terrier from Washington state to Philadelphia, where a surgeon cut a tumor out of the animal's throat. The operation and all traveling expenses cost her six hundred dollars. In an orphan asylum in North Carolina a boy is housed, clothed, fed and educated on sixty dollars per year. That means that ten boys could be kept there for one year with the money that was foolishly lavished at one time upon a dog.

We are glad that Andrew Carnegie's daughter was not ashamed to marry her father's coachman, whom she loved, although he was not on a social equality with her. That marriage, prompted by love, was nobler than the social matches usually made by the wealthy. The latter are mere business transactions, which leads to divorces when the husband sees another woman or the wife sees another man, with more money than the present spouse.

Judging from the course of events, money and

fame seem to be the two keys to the rank of the Pure. A man whom a short time ago the upper classes scorned now holds the highest esteem of the same ones by acquiring wealth or doing something of which the world talked. But still we find some who vaunt seats among the high not through any personal merit but through personal forwardness.

When the Pure look down upon the Slaves with contempt they forget that the King of all was born into the world in a lowly manger. Neither do they listen to the teachings of Christ, for did he not say, "Everyone that exalteth himself shall be abased; and he that humbleth himself shall be exalted?" Tennyson puts the value of true living into these beautiful lines:

"How'er it be it seems to me
'Tis only noble to be good;
Kind hearts are more than coronets
And simple faith than Norman blood,"

With all these flaws in our social system there are some who are free from these faults. If there were none of these the poor, who must receive aid from the wealthy, would be helpless. Having had no education they would never become useful citizens without outside aid; and this the rich must give or they are not fulfilling their mission in the world.

Now that we have discussed the wrongs in our social condition, the question is, How can these evils be remedied? By applying the cure at the source. A sickly plant will generally be found to be diseased at the root. The staid old millionaire and the full grown man who have misused their wealth all their lives will undoubtedly go to their graves in selfishness. The child is the clay that must be moulded into a beautiful figure and once moulded and thoroughly hardened its shape will never change. "As the twig is bent, so is the tree inclined." The simplest way to do this is in the manner of Christ.

While these improvements are being made among the Pure caste, the Slaves must not be forgotten. For them I would suggest the same remedy as for the Pure. Among the Slaves lie the seed of many great careers that are often blotted out by inattention.

When all these things are done there will cease to be castes in our land. These corrupt social conditions will always be a blot in the pages of our history, but the following pages will be all the brighter for the preceding gloom. Then we may turn our attentions to India and point out to her the faults in her social system. Then may our native born wandering on alien shores speak with pride and impunity of his native land, and praise her virtues to the men of all nations. Then, and not until then, may our Goddess of Liberty, enlightening the world, stretch out her mighty frame, hold her head the higher and thrust forth her torch the farther for the knowledge that she guards a country of infinite power, a nation of endless liberty and freedom, the grandest land of all our beloved United States.

FRED R. KOELZ.

SENIOR CLASS BIOGRAPHIES

FREDERICK ROST KOELZ,

The president of the class, was born at Charleston, W. Va., September 3, 1887. However, for the greater part of his life he has made his home in Keyser. His early education was received at the public school in Keyser. He did not complete the course here but entered the Keyser Preparatory School in the fall of 1902, where he has been in regular attendance ever since. During this time he has taken an active interest in nearly all phases of school life and has been instrumental in bringing about some of the organizations in the school. He has been with the class since its organization, helped make its history and has stood by it in all its trying circumstances. Vice President of Davis Society (04); President of Davis Society (05); Y. M. C. A.; Athletic Association; Critic of Davis Society (06); Annual Contest, Davis Society. Essayist (06); Literary Editor of "The Refert"; Historian Senior Class.

CHESTER DEWART CLARK

Was born at Stoyer, Md., April 22nd, 1890. "Brownie" has been somewhat of a wanderer, for since that time he has lived at Plymouth, Pa., and at Wallman, Md. It was in the public schools of these places that his first school days were spent. He entered the Keyser Preparatory School in the fall of 1903. Although he has been a regular student since entering he did not come into the class until this year. However he has been an important member of the class in the short time he has been with it. Davis Society; Y. M. C. A.; Junior Basket Ball Team (06); Annual Contest Debater, Davis Society (06); Speccarpus Senior Class.

CHARLES RITCHIE

Was born at Macksville, Pendleton county, W. Va., February 15, 1883. It was here that he passed his boyhood and received his early education. He completed the course offered by the public schools of the state and afterward taught school a few terms very successfully. He enrolled at the Keyser Preparatory School in the spring of the year 1902, which was the first of the school's history, and remained until the end of the term. He did not re-enter school until the spring of the following year. Since then he has been a regular student at our school. He is interested in all the affairs of school life, especially in the literary society, of which he is a member. He has been a loyal and active member of our class since its organization. Annual Contest Debater, Reynolds Society (03); Secretary Reynolds Society (04), President Reynolds Society (05); Chairman Annual Contest (05); Foot Ball Team (05); Critic Reynolds Society (06); Debater Reynolds Society, Annual Contest (06); Editor-in-Chief of "The Spectrum"; Literary Editor of "The Refert".

NELLIE JOHNSON

Who had the privilege of being "Miss Senior", was born at Rees' Mill, W. Va., March 30, 1886. Her life up to her ninth year was spent in this little country village; but her parents, foreseeing the brilliant career of their only child, then moved to Keyser and sent her to the public school. She finished all but two years of the course offered by this school and then left it to enter the W. V. P. Here she filled an important place during her connection





SENIOR CLASS, PREPARATORY SCHOOL

with the institution. She held the following offices: Vice President Reynolds Society winter (04); Treasurer Reynolds Society spring (05); Secretary Reynolds Society fall (05); winter (06); Vice President Y. W. C. A. fall (05); winter (06); President Y. W. C. A. spring (06); Treasurer Junior Class (04 and 05); Vice President Senior Class (05 and 06). She has always been ambitious and thorough in her work. She has been very successful in her musical study at the W. V. P. and some day the world will be all the better for her contributions along this line.

HOMER ARTHUR HOTT

Was born at Seymoursville, Grant county, W. Va., May 18, 1881. The greater part of his life was spent there and at Lahmansville, W. Va. His early education consisted in the completion of the course offered by the public schools of the state. In the fall of 1903 he entered the Keyser Preparatory School where he has pursued his studies since. He was an important factor in the organization of the class and has done his part in helping it through "scrapes" and blunders. He now holds the office of Secretary. Secretary Y. M. C. A. (05-06); Foot Ball Team (05); Secretary Senior Class (05-06); President Reynolds Society (06); Annual Contest Debater, Reynolds (05-06); Business Manager of "The Spectrum" 1906; Business Manager of "The Refert" 1906.

Commencement Notes

Saturday evening, June 2, Mr. and Mrs. Haught gave a reception at their home to the senior class. Members of the faculty and of the Y. W. C. A. cabinet were also invited. All were delightfully entertained and the evening was spent very pleasantly. A novel feature of the entertainment was the editing of a paper for 1916. Each one was asked to write some certain department, as things would be ten years hence, and then Mr. Haught, editor-in-chief, read the entire paper. A prize was offered to the writer of the best column. This the judges awarded to Mr. Fred Koelz. The prize was a little volume of Riley's poems, tastefully illustrated. Refreshments were served, consisting of strawberries, ice cream, and cake, and then all went home feeling most grateful to Mr. and Mrs. Haught for the pleasant evening.

Our baseball team went to Romney June 2, and won a game against the Romney team, score 10 to 8.

Mr. Sanders and Mr. Miller went with the boys over to Romney on the 2nd.

Mr. Horn is about well again and able to look after school duties. Mr. Haught taught three of his classes the last two weeks of school, and their work went on without interruption.

Miss Helen Cunningham is attending the normal in Keyser.

Mr. Cosner, Mr. Lambert, and Miss Rogers took in the uniform examination in Keyser.

The former principal of this school, Prof. L. L. Friend, has been chosen principal of the Charleston high school. He has spent the past year in the post-graduate work in the teachers' department of Columbia University, New York, and has made special preparation for the work he is taking up.

The closing recital of the music department was given Friday evening, June 8, in the auditorium, under direction of Miss Elsie Hoffman, instructor in music. Quite a number of the music students were on the program and performed in a way that

was a credit to themselves and to their instructor. Miss Christine Miller, formerly of Keyser, now of Chicago, was present and sang several pieces, which were most highly enjoyed. Miss Miller has a wide reputation as a singer, and it was a rare treat which was warmly appreciated by the people of Keyser to hear her on this occasion. A large and appreciative audience was present. The following is the program rendered:

FAUNES	Miss Sadie Friend	POLDINI
SPINNING WHEEL	Miss Mable Burke	WILM
DANSE DE PIEROTT	Miss Marguerite Greenwade	HALL
TARANTELLA	Miss Joretha Liller	WILSON
a COULD MY SONGS BE WINGING	-	HAHN
b MORNING HYMN	Miss Christine Miller	HENSCHEL
BUTTERFLY	-	GREGI
POLISH DANSE	Miss Catharine Sharpless	RUBENS
RUSTLE OF SPRING	Miss Lenora Purcell	SINDING
a LONG AGO	-	MACDOWELL
b A MAID SINGS LIGHT	Miss Christine Miller	"
MAZURKA	Miss Flossie Clark	DENNIE
EPISODE DE BAL	Miss Lola Warner	DENNIE
AIR DE BALLETT	Miss Carrie Heed	CHAMINADE
a CRADLE SONG	-	NORRIS
b MIGHTY LAK' A ROSE	Miss Christine Miller	NEVIN
TARANTELLA	Miss Cora Kidwell	LACK
RONDO BRILLIANT	Miss Margaret Liller	WEBER

After the recital Miss Hoffman and Miss Miller received friends at the home of the former on Davis St. from 9:30 to 11:30. Quite a number were present, and Miss Miller met many former friends and formed many new acquaintances. Dr. and Mrs. Hoffman and others assisted in receiving, refreshments were served and all went away delighted with the warm hospitality accorded them.

Mrs. U. G. Young and Mrs. Frank Trotter, both of Buckhannon, have been guests at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Haught through the commencement season.

On Sunday evening, June 10, the baccalaureate sermon was preached in the auditorium by Rev. E. V. Regester, of Baltimore, a minister of the M. E. Church, South. The text was from the eighth psalm: "What is man that thou art mindful of him?" The sermon was an excellent one and the aim was to place a high value on human lives. The hard wind storm continued all through the sermon and caused much noise, but the preacher's strong voice was plainly heard above it. The auditorium was filled to overflowing. As usual on this occasion the churches of the town were closed for the evening and the different pastors were present at this service. The opening prayer was offered by Rev. W. A. Koontz, the scripture lesson, from Matthew 13, was read by Rev. J. W. Purcell, and the benediction was pronounced by Rev. S. R. Ludwig. Miss Elizabeth Long, of Keyser, formerly a student of the Preparatory, who has since been pursuing a course in music in Baltimore, was present and sang a solo entitled "My Redeemer." All were glad to welcome Miss Long back and to hear her sing again. Mrs. U. G. Young, of Buckhannon, sang a solo, "Adore and be still," which was very much enjoyed. Rev. Mr. Ney led the congregational singing and members of the different choirs assisted, Miss Elsie Hoffman presiding at the piano. The

The first annual for this school under the title of The Spectrum, has just been issued. It was published at the Tribune office, is dedicated to Prof.

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Candies.

WEBER'S FLOWERS.

Friend, and sells for the modest sum of one dollar. Mr. Chas. Ritchie is editor-in-chief, Mr. Homer Hott business manager, and a number of associate editors assisted in the work. The book contains many pictures, some handsome, much interesting history about the school and various organizations connected with it, and many other things of interest and amusement. It has taken considerable work, but is well edited and well printed.

Miss Fannie Guthrie, of Romney, was visiting in Keyser the first of the week, and attended some of the commencement exercises.

Mr. and Mrs. Clark, of Wallman, Md., whose son Chester, is one of our graduates, were in Keyser for the contest and commencement exercises.

The board of regents of the Preparatory met Wednesday. Only four members were present, Col. T. B. Davis of Keyser, Mr. Jas. Sites of Upper Tract, Mr. Wm. A. Watson, of Fellowsville, and Mr. A. J. Welton, of Petersburg. All the present instructors of the school were reappointed. Mr. Homer A. Hott, of Keyser, of this year's graduating class, was appointed assistant instructor in the commercial department. Mr. Hott is a worthy young man and we are glad to keep him with us in this work. His appointment meets a need, as the work in that department is heavy.

The commencement exercises were held Wednesday evening. Though the evening was rainy and gloomy and the walking bad, there was a large attendance and the auditorium was filled. The faculty, regents, and local board were seated on the rostrum in a row. The senior class marched in and were seated in a row in front. The principal marched in at the head of the class, and next to him was Master Morris Sanders carrying the diplomas on a waiter. Morris acted his part very well, handing the diplomas to Mr. Haught and then passed off the rostrum. The exercises opened with prayer by Rev. Dr. A. M. Cackley. Mrs. Young sang two solos, Unto Thy Heart, and Love's Echo, and they were much enjoyed. Then Mr. Haught introduced Prof. John H. Cox of the department of English of the University, who delivered the commencement address. His subject was Mastership and the Master. The address was very interesting, instructive and inspiring. Some excellent lessons and ideals were plainly presented. This is the first time that Keyser people have had an opportunity to hear Prof. Cox and he has left with us a most favorable impression. Following the address, Mrs. Ethel Wells and Miss Mary Carskadon sang a beautiful duet, Music and Her Sister, Song. Then with a few brief but very appropriate remarks Mr. Haught presented to the members of the graduating class their diplomas. Mr. Haught first planned to have State-Superintendent Miller to make the presentation, but Prof. Miller could not be here for the exercises. Again Mrs. Young sang two beautiful solos, All For You, and At Parting, and the exercises closed with the benediction by Rev. W. E. Woolf.

After the exercises Wednesday evening Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Markwood entertained the graduates, faculty, regents and others. Their hospitable home was thrown open, refreshments were served, and all enjoyed a happy evening.

The graduates were also entertained later at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Coffroth, on Main Street.

Prof. Woodworth of the Elkins College, was present at the contest Monday evening.

Mr. Jas. Sites and Mr. Wm. A. Watson, of the board of regents, attended commencement exercises Wednesday evening, also Mr. J. H. Markwood and Mr. N. J. Crooks, of the local board.

The class graduating this year includes Miss Nellie Johnson of Keyser, Mr. Fred Koelz and Mr. Homer A. Hott, of Keyser, Mr. Chas. Ritchie, of Pendleton county, and Mr. Chester Clark, of Wallman, Md. Miss Johnson, Mr. Koelz and Mr. Ritchie have taken the classical preparatory course, and Mr. Clark the engineering course. All are good students and have made excellent records in the school.

Mr. Cutright left Thursday morning for his home in Upshur county.

Mr. R. R. Miller expects to go to his Indiana home next week for the vacation.

The following students complete the courses named in the commercial department: Messrs. S. B. Harman, J. C. Epley, and C. J. Shobe, bookkeeping; Misses Bertha Burke, Daisy Godlove, Essye Shobe, Anna Virginia Armstrong, Frances Sayre, May Martin, and Mr. E. H. Ravenscraft, shorthand.

Miss Lulu Smith, of South Branch, came to Keyser Wednesday to attend commencement and enjoy a reunion with former classmates.

Mr. Oscar Hamstead, of Maysville, came to Keyser Monday and attended the exercises of the week. Mr. Hamstead was a student of the commercial department last year.

Mr. W. A. Barrickman's brother was visiting him through commencement time.

Last evening the junior class gave a banquet to the senior class and to the faculty, served at Mrs. Bier's restaurant on Armstrong street. A long table was abundantly loaded with a large variety of good things to eat, and all present proved by actions their enjoyment at the feast. The juniors are certainly to be praised for their care and kindness in preparing the good time. This was the last student meeting. All who had not gone before started this morning in different directions for home.

Prof. Anderson was in Cumberland May 27th attending the picnic held by the German Singing Club.

Hattie Wilson left school May 25th and went home to prepare for the Kelley-Rees wedding at Knobley. She was one of the bridal party.

Mr. W. A. Barrickman has a position as book-keeper and stenographer at the Lowry grocery.

Inez says Ritchie never tried to turn the lights on.

We are glad to announce that one of our brother editors, Homer A. Hott, was appointed as assistant in the Commercial Department for next year, by the Board of Regents in their meeting on June 13. Homer has closely pursued his studies in this line and graduated in the work this year and is fully capable of holding the position. We congratulate our co-worker and wish him unbounded success as a "Prep."

Miss Ada Compton left June 12th for Martinsburg where she took part in the wedding of a friend.

A crowd of students were entertained June 6 by Fred R. Koelz at his home on Main street. A very pleasant time was spent in different contests and music.

Why was Ritchie so anxious to go home Thursday morning? Vic can tell you.

National Love

"Breathes there a man with soul so dead
Who never to himself hath said;
This is my own, my native land?"

There is not in the English language a more sacred word than the word "Love." Some may suggest "God," but God and Love are synonymous terms. God is Love, and Love is God. So I think it not unwise to term the feeling of a true patriot, as love. This feeling better known as patriotism, occupies a sacred place in the heart of every good citizen, and is well worthy of a sacred name. Patriotism is essential to the welfare of every country. Without this loyalty a country would many times fall far short of the end attempted. We, as a nation need this reverence, this pride as we need unity. When the American people were called to face their common foes, if there had not been present this admiration, this love in their hearts the physical man could not have endured some of the hardships that were necessary to success. Not even Washington could have kept his men in the ranks during that terrible winter of Valley Forge had there not been a forceful something to urge them on. These men could not have been induced, even by pecuniary or military reward to eke out such an existence. When we think of this army of noblemen, marking out their route, by their bloody foot-prints, keeping up a constant motion during the nights in order to prevent freezing, we can not rationally believe it was the hope of pecuniary or military reward that sustained them through all that suffering.

There are various ways of exciting and testing this feeling. When an American compares his country to another, he feels an outward swelling towards his own, his native land. He lingers lovingly over the words: "My own, my native land," as though he feels an individual ownership. Then, again, for a test let the "Stars and Stripes," "Old Glory," as we affectionately call our national emblem, be run up a flag staff and note the effect on the witnesses. Men's hats go up, boys shout at the top of their voices, women wave frantically, their handkerchiefs, and even the babies lend to the din their feeble screams. Let, for example, in the presence of this same body of witnesses, an English or Spanish flag be furled. Do we have the same results? I admit there will be as much, and perhaps even more, excitement but of a vastly different character. Men will struggle to climb that slender pole in order to remove this obstacle, which in this position is so obnoxious to them. Women, under the stress of excitement, will resort to the indulgence of weeping. The tide of patriotism is now running as high as when the American's pride flut-

tered gracefully above them. Place yourself in this position, what will be the prompting of your heart? Would it not be "fight," backed by the love for the old flag that had given you your past blessings? Yes, life to you would be as a worthless toy. If England were to impress upon us her government and privileges, which we favorably compare with our own, we would spurn them as a viper, and trample them under our feet. No, we will not have them. The liberties we have had so long occupy the "sanctum sanctorum" in our beings. The president would not even need to call for volunteers. You men could be had without asking, and I suspect some of the female portion would eagerly offer themselves to this cause. Some may ask: "Surely a strip of bunting can not be so much a part of a people?" But looking beyond we see the significance of this emblem. It stands for independence, for the rights, so dearly bought. Then, again to our ears come those inspiring strains, "The Battle Hymn of the Republic," "America," and "Columbia, The Gem of the Ocean," which bring fire to our eyes and melody to our voices. For these and the "Star Spangled Banner" we need no tuning. Even after having given our whole being to the singing of that burst of patriotism of Francis Key we feel that we have not expressed the entirety of our relation to our country.

In the United States, and in other countries as well, this is the most forceful of all national characteristics. There is no power that is impetus sufficient to induce men to lay down their business life, to leave all that is dear to them, sister, mother, wife, and home, save that of their love for their country. This force is found in unity. Had the thirteen Colonies, after gaining their independence, remained separate governments they would never have attained the political situation that they now enjoy. Had the thirteen stripes never been bound together, we should not have the beautiful flag of today. Still less would be our success were we divided in feeling. We must have unity to have a strong sentiment. All must be patriotic. Congress and the Senate would soon disband had they not behind them, urging them on to the accomplishment of greater things a strong patriotic sentiment. The disposition of the populace to bring this country up to a high standard is prompted and sustained by our devotion to the United States, as a nation. If the stronger sentiment were one of unloyalty, distrust, and hatred, we would not have this forward compelling force. Men would not care what became of the Union, but busy themselves gathering about them those things that tend to satisfy their desires.

What we have seen demonstrated in the past and will see demonstrated in the future apparently has many promptings, but in truth spring from the common source, "Love."

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T. W. HAUGHT, Keyser, W. Va.

DAY DREAMS

I want to go to college,
To the good old Gold and Blue,
And be a foot-ball player,
A Heston number two.

And when I finish college
Learn the trade of engineers,
Make fifty million dollars
And live five hundred years.

When I get through engineering
I'll go where it is cold,
Skate to my satisfaction,
And live in a house of gold.

And when I get through skating
I'll go where it is hot,
'Way down in old Virginia
And swimming'll be my lot.

And when I finish swimming
I'll get me a boat and row,
Until I get a boy again—
A man's a boy twice you know.

And when I get a boy again,
And don't you forget,
I'll sit back in my mansion
And read the "Prep." Refert.

J. K. G.

The Little Girl and the Matches

TRANSLATED FROM FRENCH

How cold it was! The snow fell, and the night was not far off; it was the last evening of the year. In the midst of this coldness and obscurity, a poor little girl passed in the street, her head and feet bare. She had, it is true, some slippers on quitting the house, but they did not serve her long; they were some old slippers that her mother had already worn and were so large that the little girl lost them in hastening to cross the street between two carriages.

The little girl walked with bare feet, which were red and blue with the cold. She had in her old apron a large quantity of matches and she also carried a packet in her hand. It was for her a bad day's work. She had sold no matches therefore she hadn't any money. She was very cold and hungry. Poor little girl! The snow flakes fell in her golden hair, curled about her neck; but is she thinking of her golden curls? The lights shone from the windows, and one could distinguish in the street the faint odor of roast beef; it was New Year's eve. That is what she was thinking of.

She sat down in a corner between two houses. The cold seized her more and more, but she dared not return home; if she returned home without selling the matches, her father would beat her; and, besides, her home, was it not cold also? They

lodged under the roof, and the wind whistled through it, although the large cracks had been stuffed with bunches of straw. Her little hands were almost dead with cold. Alas! how much good one little match would do them. If she but dared to draw one from the packet, strike it on the wall, and then warm her fingers. She struck one; Ritz! how it burned! how it shone! When she covered it with her hand, it was a flame as warm and clear as a little candle. What a strange light! It seemed to the little girl that she was seated before a large iron stove, all decorated in shining copper. The fire burned there so magnificently, it warmed so well. The little girl had already stretched forth her feet to warm them also; the flame went out the stove disappeared; she was sitting with the burnt end of the match in her hand.

She struck a second match; how it burned! how it shone! and where the light fell on the wall it became as transparent as a veil. The little girl could see into a room where a table was covered with a white cloth and dazzling china, and on which was also a roast goose, garnished with prunes and apples. All at once, the goose leaped from the plate, and rolled on the floor, right at the feet of the little girl. The match went out; she was only between the thick and cold walls.

She struck a third match. Suddenly she saw herself sitting under a magnificent Christmas tree. It was richer and more grand yet than the one she had seen the Christmas before through the glazed door of the rich merchant's house. A thousand candles burned on the green branches, and images of all colors like those that adorn the shop windows, seemed to smile upon her. The little girl raised both of her hands; the match went out, all the Christmas candles mounted higher and higher, and she perceived then that they were only stars. One of them fell and carried a long streak of fire through the sky. "Someone is dying," said the little girl to herself, because her grandmother, who was dead, but who alone had been kind to her, had often told her that "When a star falls a soul mounted to God."

She struck again another match on the wall. It made a great light, in the midst of which she saw her grandmother standing with an air so sweet and so radiant.

"Grandmother," cried the little one, "take me with you. When the match goes out I know that I will never see you again. You will disappear like the iron stove, the roast goose, and the beautiful Christmas tree."

She quickly struck the rest of the packet, because she wished to keep her grandmother with her, and the matches made a light as bright as the day. Never had her grandmother appeared so grand and so beautiful. She took the little girl under her arm, and both of them were joyously in the midst of this light so high, so high, where there was no more cold, nor hunger, nor agony, there they were with God.

But in the corner, between the two houses, was seated, when the cold morning came, the little girl, the cheeks quite red, a smile on her lips, dead, dead from cold, the last evening of the year. New Year's day rose on the little corpse sitting there with her matches of which one packet was almost burned. "She wished to warm herself," said someone.

All the world was ignorant of the beautiful things that she had seen, and in the midst of what splendor she had entered with her old grandmother into the New Year.

LAURA S. LAUCK, '07.



JUNIOR CLASS, PREPARATORY SCHOOL

THE ZEKIAD

And now when Zeke with overflowing eyes
Related to the boys his direful woes
They comforted and soothed him with kind words
And brought him to his former self again.
So he was laughing at their merry jokes
And talked with them until the train arrived.
When all the passengers had left the train
No students could the boys pick from their midst
And so they turned around and said to Zeke,
"We'll take you up to school and show you where
The office is and tell you what to do,"
The three boys then walked out to Mineral street
And straight ahead to take Zeke up to school.
He saw the building standing on the hill
In all the splendor of the morning light.
And larger grew his little bead-like eyes
As he drank in the splendor of it all.
On up they walked beneath the spreading trees
Past the High School and handsome homes galore
Until they came to broad Fort Avenue,
Here to the right they turned by old Fort Hill
And walked up to the steps placed at its base,
Up these they went, which led them to the path
Which wound in graceful curves up to the top.
The beauty of the structure and the grounds
Filled simple Zeke with wonder and with awe,
So that he stood stock-still and gasped aloud,
"By gorsh, I tell you that is mighty fine!
Them little trees set out in big long rows
With them there little bushes in between
Makes things look purty spruce, I tell you what!
And that there building's purty too, and Gee!
That clock's up high; how kin they wind it up?
All this here stuff is purty and it's nice."
With difficulty both the boys
Could get him to go on; but after all
He followed them and reached the school at last.
There boys and girls swarmed in the portico
And on the steps and stood about the door.
Again poor Zeke in terror lost his nerve
When he saw all this motley crowd of "Preps,"
His knees began to quake, his arms hung limp.

J. G. KOELZ,
BAKER.



Spalding's Athletic Goods.

Ice Cream and Soda.

And his cropped hair all but stood up on ends.
But still his friends regardless of his fear
Conducted him inside the spacious hall
And to his left Zeke saw an open door
Inside of which more "Preps" were jammed and
packed.

Two girls squeezed out and left a vacant place
Into which gap the boys pushed trembling Zeke
He looked about and through the many heads
He saw a man before an open desk,
Who wrote a little and then talked to a boy
Often referring to a catalog.
Across the room were several boys and girls
Who sat beside a table where they wrote
On sheets of paper long, with pen and ink.
Zeke silently looked on and wondered what
Was going on among this crowd of folks
And thus he stood until one of the boys,
Who had remained behind, touched him and said,
"We must be going now; this is the place
Where you matriculate." And then they left.
This made him feel still worse, for if the boy
Had spoken in Egyptian or in Greek
He would have known as much as he did now.
And when he looked around he saw the boys
Had disappeared and left him to his fate.

EXCHANGES

We acknowledge with thanks the receipt of the
following school papers in the past year. The
Acta; The Fairmont State Normal School Bulletin;
The Academy Bulletin; The Picket; The Illuminator,
The War-W hoop.

We thank all our exchanges for their communi-
cations and the encouragement and criticism offer-
ed us by them and hope that the Refert shall re-
ceive the first copies of all them next year in ex-
change.

Her answer was something like $4xy$ plus $2y$. The
 $2y$ did not belong there and with a very troubled ex-
pression she said, "Professor, I get two ys." She did
not see why the rest of the class laughed

A. W. COFFROTH,

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Furnishings, Trunks, Hats, Caps, Shos.

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